



PURE POETRY

2017

Compiled by
A.S. Rodrigues

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A.S. Rodrigues

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About Pure Poetry



PURE POETRY 2017

**Compiled by
A. S. RODRIGUES**

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To the Goa University M.A. Class of 2017-2018,
May the errors of our journey be marked by our success.

Preface

Pure Poetry 2017 started as a project to voice the musings of a class of enthusiastic young poets in a creative writing class. Egged on by an infectious Professor, it quickly snowballed into a full-blown event before the how and when could be pondered over. It eclipsed its goal as a class recital project and metamorphosed into a department-wide poetry recital event.

Freedom of expression and a platform for performance in an aesthetic setting was the directive. Stringently followed by the organizing core team with tremendous support from the support team. A class-wide bridged effort to bring it to life in all its conceptualized glory. It was a tremendous success with the art of poetry in the Goa University getting a big boost on the day.

The concept was to ditch halls and walls of stone and to utilize a free breathing space as a platform to express poetry and free expression. Aesthetically pleasing; with the lush green grass providing the carpet, the barks of trees as backrests, canopy cover for shade and cool fresh air as conditioning.

The perfect spot was scouted in the midst of the campus, a wide-branched white tamarind tree in a small tree grove near the M.A. Canteen. However, the location was open to the elements and it still being the monsoon season, there was a danger of a downpour hampering proceedings, along with a whole host of issues. Getting it all together in record time; to make use of a week of sunshine, wasn't easy but the fervour to see it through was rampant. With consultations and permissions parlayed from very supportive Professors and that of the HOD, along with steadfast encouragement and assistance from friends, preparations gathered speed and garnered completion.

It was a sight to behold when the whole grove was strung with handmade

decor; butterflies flitting and aflutter in the air, the green grass all around and beneath the feet, cradling us in the very bosom of nature. Sunshine dancing betwixt tiny gaps in the canopy perpetually flowing with a cool monsoon breeze. It liberated the spirit and brought about salubrious cheer. The day was ideal. Perfect for the proliferation of uncensored, unhampered, unadulterated pure poetry.

And the verses flowed loquacious, and the attention sat rapt, the event moved smoothly and the spirit stirred deep.

This book is a collection of some of the poems recited on that day. It is my first attempt at a book compilation of the kind.

It was a difficult task to complete this book but the real hard work was done on that day in September and the weeks leading up to it. The vision I had for the day was epitomized in reality. The day was picture perfect and ineffable even though I have tried.

The beauty of Pure Poetry was on that fateful day. This book is just a tribute.

- A.S. Rodrigues

CHAPTER ONE

BREATH

BREATH

You, the first one to greet me,
The last one to leave me .
More than a part of this body's bustling activity,
You've been closer than a lover, my only essence of reality.

You're a choice I make every second,
Breathing you out then drawing you in.
Without you how can I make it till the end,
In vain I try giving you up just so you can break your way in .

Pain grips my bones at the thought of those,
Who chose better to betray you than keep you close.
From thriving they descended,
To surviving, they chose to meet death, uninvited.

My love, with every new day I'll reward you with purpose.
These lungs, your home, shall inspire hope each day.
For how dear is your gift of life, It's marvelous.
In your very vapour shall I inscribe my cherished memories when skies are
grey.

The dawn shall be welcomed with cheers as we wake,
And the night with a yawn of gratitude.
In every sound, word, song shall we partake,
Till you and I create history, there will no life to conclude.

I've heard some call you the air
Or the spirit that embodies an anatomy of dirt
It doesn't matter what name you share

My breath, may the winds carry your truth to all the earth.

- Aishwarya Andrade

CHAPTER TWO

ATTEMPT? OR COMMIT?

ATTEMPT? OR COMMIT?

Attempt the following Question.

Attempt! I say.

Understood?

"Do you?" she says.

So... shall...I...?

Shall I commit suicide? Or just attempt it?

With compact suicidal note

Written with glorious quotes

Left behind

Raising questions of existence...

To be? or not to be?

Is it hard to gulp down?

Or is it hard to gobble it?

Like half fry egg?

Gulp! Gobble! Nibble!

"And a sip of water...

Brief your grief

And drift away

At 6 o'clock along with sun"...

"Bro! Take it easy!" He says.

No! No! No!

Don't fade away

Don't be Ash

You are not him

Him isn't her

Her isn't me

Me isn't you

And so on.

I feel therefore I am
I don't think therefore I am not
What if I gulp down De Carte!
Oh! Wordsworth please get out...
Off my mind! No! Heart!

But...Shall...I...?
Shall I attempt suicide or commit it?
Quoting the soliloquy,
Justifying my death
Guillotining my breath

Quoting hamlet or Lear
Othello, Antony or Caesar
Or somebody superficial
Who will justify my
Quite quiet quit???

Shall I commit suicide or must attempt it?
With the damned life,
Pretty and dirty
Ceased and diseased

Shall I commit suicide?
When sun is behind the clouds...
When shadow is shadowed by a shadow?
When shadow shadows shadow?

- Vighnesh Shirgurkar

CHAPTER THREE
SHE

SHE

In the darkest of nights I have seen her
Smiling...
Her beauty slowly expanding,
With her eyes sparkling,
And since then that's all I have been Admiring...
She is not my love,
Neither my someone dear...

Yet I call her mine,
Without any doubts and fear...
She may be just a fiction,
A kind of unrestrained addiction...
But when my imagination stir,
My heart once again gets acquainted with
Her...

- Ratika Rane

CHAPTER FOUR
BRUTALITY - THAT LASTED FOR LONG

BRUTALITY - THAT LASTED FOR LONG

Is it a state of conflict?
Or is it extreme destruction that causes morality?
One thing is known to me
An absence of war means peace and purity.

The day it began,
Pushed lives in danger.
Struggles meant sacrifices,
And new faces seemed like strangers.

When the battle was fought,
With harsh and astringent situations,
Turned health into filthy,
Leaving no traces of unending hallucinations.

Two major wars,
Several nations fought,
People- young and old,
Became victims of mindless fatal assaults.

Rating brutality,
Formed allies,axis and central powers,
Casualties and losses were witnessed,
Claiming lives.

Happy hours easily vanished,
Dropping eyelids welcomed tears,
Sinking life into atrocities,
A thought of freedom totally disappeared.

There was no happiness to be owned,

Emotions replaced their seats with inhumanity,
Paths being painted red,
Left them into anxiety.

Though they were alive,
Would meant half dead
With the loss of curiosity,
They wanly saluted death.

There wasn't any choice,
To keep themselves safe.
Never let hopes down,
And dared to fight with courage.

War ended causing anarchy,
Areas annihilated forever,
Death was at least better,
Said some survivors and cried till the end.

Different ammunitions,
Destroying the very cores,
Hence the brutality of war,
That lasted very long,
Ripped apart many souls.

- Priyanka Verekar

CHAPTER FIVE
ARYA STARK

ARYA STARK

Although I'm a girl, I don't want to be a lady.
Who sits next to the fire and knits while dreaming about the rosy future.
Stop!
Winter is coming!

I've had a lot of patience, I've suffered a lot
Cersei- my next door neighbour.
Feigns innocence, but is the devil reborn.
The Mountain- the bully from school
With all brawn and no brain
Beric- the stealer of friends
Rorge- has fun attacking you when you are weakest
Walder Frey- the one who targets your family.

We all have them in our lives.
And every night, I go through my list
The Cerseis
The Mountains
The Berics
The Rorges
And the Freys.
I may be quiet for now, but I'm watching you.

A girl can pretend well to blend in.
The face of a feminist? Check.
A face of a sexist now? Check.
I've got all the faces.
I'll pretend to be one from your clan, then stick you with the pointy end.
And smile as you gag, breathless.

I am revenge personified
Dwelling in everyone of you.

A girl is No one.
But she is also everyone.

Valar Morghulis!

- Yashila Lobo

CHAPTER SIX
BEST IS YET TO COME

BEST IS YET TO COME

Horizon turns shy at your flight,
While I blush at your sight.

Sky melts into golden bright,
But still you don't lose your fight.

You marinate in the fire,
Still, calmly stand higher.

You burn fleshed into ashes,
Yet no fear of being crashed.

Downfall is worst they say,
But still finds hope in your way.

Once you fall, the dark clicks,
Like a devilish freak.

And there, we await your blink.
A blink of hope,
A hope of a new day,
Like a smiley may.

Dark does not turn the life dumb,
Dark...
Does not turn the life dumb,
but reminds,
that the best is yet to come.

- Saiee Dhargalkar

CHAPTER SEVEN
THE HEART DOES WONDER

THE HEART DOES WONDER

The heart does wonders
Even when it gets harshly pierced
By a sudden sharp sword
Or by many wicked thorns.

At times it gets wounded
By the bullet of lies
That penetrates deep inside,
Leaving painful cracks
Just like a land due to drought;
The heart is left in agony
When these cracks spread.

At times it burns terribly
When the ones it had trusted
Pour fuel over it and wait
To watch its destruction.
The heart's also stoned and bleeds
When it produces fruits of sweetness.

Yet i say the heart does wonders
Because despite the tribulations
It still produces sweetness
It's unique, precious and rare
It's the heart only a few choose to share

- Saynex Souza

CHAPTER EIGHT
THAT LADY IN THE MIRROR

THAT LADY IN THE MIRROR

Have you ever felt that you are not alone?
Not even in an empty room.
Ever felt the presence of an entity walk by?
A voice repeatedly calling out to you
Signs that your body doesn't only belong to you
Those tantrums' you throw
That rage you express
Those horrific deeds you do
Your life in distress
It appeases that demonic creature
Do you wake up at an odd time?
When the world is sound asleep
You may have a conversation with a transparent being
It might seem tremendously friendly
For not everything in nature is deadly.

I woke up that night
There was just a beam of light
Sitting up I turned to my right
And there she stood looking at me
In the mirror I could see that lady
At first I was terrified
Curiosity walked me up to that reflection
I starred at the mirror
I stepped closer, the foggy image disappeared slowly
By now I had reached the mirror
My reflection was crystal clear
Who was she, why did she come to me?
Was it reality? Disappointed I turned,
And there she was, right in front of me
I did not scream but fell aback

Hitting the cupboard mirror
A hand grabbed my neck from behind
Chocking me! Unable to move a muscle.
I woke up I found myself on the ground
She was still standing in front of me
Like death she taunted me and
Whispered saying, "Mortal, your soul now belongs to me."

- Annamarie Remedios

CHAPTER NINE
THE STATION

THE STATION

The days seem long and the nights seem bleak,
Devout of joy, I crumble within!
The trains slowly depart and the loneliness seeps in.
Vacant eyes yearn for him,
His cries, now just a dream.
The seat's still warm-
And the man sitting there was not;

Taking me for a deranged woman
He casts me off as a ghastly vision.
How can you know what I am?
You only see! – But you don't perceive.
The tear in my sleeve,
The missing slippers at my feet.
Would you help me?
Or just walk away?
Like the millions I meet every day –
Who think its best to let people like me,
Be victims of our own destiny.

It's the very same bench he last sat,
Sipping on a cool drink –
While I looked for what seems now only to blink.
The crowd had swallowed him in,
While the mother in me wounded,
was slowly killed.
I sit here waiting, hoping for a miracle!
But mostly I wonder if any of the hawkers–
Blinded and deafened, was him.
How lucky you are!
To have a family, a home, a meal.

I don't envy you.
But all I ask is the next time you see me –
Don't judge me and conclude my story –
Writing me off like I was a 'Nobody'.

-Valencia Afonso

CHAPTER TEN
THE BARREN WORLD

THE BARREN WORLD

I am a girl of 16
living in a billion fantastic dreams.
It's a beautiful life which
I demand to live having a glass of blessings to be bestowed on me.

I aspire to be an angel in this mantastic filthy atmosphere, wishing for the
supreme powers to rule all these dreadful manly creatures.
I am extremely pretty innocent doll with decayed heart and rotten brains
Living in an illusionary world of factual details.

They abducted me when I was 13 and fed themselves on me till I am 16.
They put my mother to sleep leaving everlasting impressions on the wall to
shrill..

The red bubbles floated in the air along with the scream of my mother.
The window panes broke but not the hearts of the giants.
The time stopped but not their motion. They continued to overpower the soft
soul and forcibly took me away in the most displeasing manner.

I am in the midst of the worst battle of life.
I live everyday, I kill everyday,I die everyday.

But who cares??

Today I turned 16 with no one around to celebrate my existence. I am a
puppet living in this dreadful world.
Tomorrow,a day after and forever I will be routinised to make those nasty
creatures comfortable.

My muscles are saturated,my thighs hurt, my back hurts, I have been
mutilated in every possible way.
I have become a restless soul in this motionless world.

I live in the world
which is full of wealth but less in human centric approach.
I live in the gloomy, dingy, barren world where the utmost important is given
for the naked white lie.

.....

I am coming to end my fantastic art of writing with feverish pitch in it.
It's the medium through which I can suppress their desires, qualities and voice
out my innermost consciousness.

But do I dare to kill them???

Alas! I cannot kill them but I can disturb them. I am beauty in this black
world who breathed the soul and heart into a new life.
The world which is the unproductive land will bloom one day and hit those
nasty creatures in the face.

I am already on the death bed.
My abdomen is cut, my head hurts, my legs shiver. I am in the forlorn state
but I am witnessing my death in the most pleasing way.

I am close to my new life.
I can see the brightest light in the darkest night.
The room for darkness will disappear with my breath and I will be the
phenomenal woman of my choice.

Life is a beautiful thing I say but not the world.....

It's only and only the epitome of comprehensive lies.

-Siddhesh Raut

CHAPTER ELEVEN
THE MEASURE OF MY LOVE FOR YOU

THE MEASURE OF MY LOVE FOR YOU

If my love was like a teardrop, I'd cry an ocean for you
If my smile was like the sun that brightens up your day
I'd smile for you till eternity
Cause the measure of my love for you stretches beyond the universe to a time
and space unknown...

If my thoughts could explain my desires
I'd think about you and you alone
If my soul could set fire I'd burn for you till the flames of my love reach your
heart
Cause the measure of my love for you is an indescribable dream that stretches
beyond the limits of my imagination

If my touch could take away your pain
I'd touch you till you're at ease
If my lips could satisfy your thirst for love
They'd be a fountain for you
Cause the measure of my love for you stretches beyond the boundaries of
passion and Ecstasy to an invincible exuberance

If my dreams could Better your reality,
I'd dream a 100 dreams for you
If my very being could inspire your life I would exist just for you
Cause not the passion, the ecstasy, the exuberance and the fire of love
burning inside me will ever be enough to describe how I feel
That's the measure of my love for you

-Malavika Silveira

CHAPTER TWELVE
UNTITLED

UNTITLED

You are that piece of writing
That an amateur hides in the world of established writers
That unprofessed love which doesn't know what it's fate would be if its
professed
That flower in the book... which is dry now but holds with itself
The whole memory with which it was kept in the book...
Safe.

That star in the sky which seems like your own
But which can only be seen from far
By me and others
That trick which could never ever fool me
But I chose to be made a fool with
Because you tried.

-Kalyani Jha

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
STRANGE MEETING By Wilfred Owen

STRANGE MEETING

By Wilfred Owen

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.

Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,
-- By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.

With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
"Strange friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."
"None," said that other, "save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild.
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something had been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress.

None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery;
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:
To miss the march of this retreating world.
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.

"I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now. . . ."

- Recited by Dazzle Do Rego

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
TO SOME-OTHER, ABOUT KEEPING SCORE

TO SOME-OTHER, ABOUT KEEPING SCORE

There will be many as there were before,
Just like heroes and old women's folklore
That glorify personalities beyond their grave
Despite the brutish disdain of their ways.
There was always a 'you' and there was always a 'me'.
When did you stop reading into our existential meaning?
You had said, "Third time's never the charm".
You had loved and the intention was always to harm.

When I'd write another word, or play another tune
You had been the ink in my pen, my rhythm; my perfect muse!
Then there was a time when I observed
From the tamarind tree that grew above your head
That up here in your clouds you weren't the King,
That another's aimless words would be your undoing.
You will have many more as you've had before.
You know too well about the score.

The mind is a cumulonimbus.
Meaning was lost as words were spoken in vile madness.
Lies formed the core of our hearts--
Yours were white, mine were always dark.
It always hurt to kill something whose heart never beat.
It wasn't the lack of strength that day that made us weep.
And when derision controlled our angst,
You decided to fall out of trance.

I will have many more, like I never did before.
Truth be told, you were the only one keeping score.

- Nikita Kurup

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
A PENCHANT FOR DARKNESS

A PENCHANT FOR DARKNESS

On a hill unknown with roads forgone,
There stood the vestiges of a Bethel of old.
A coven lived in, sheltered from out,
Inured in prayer throughout.

One night there blew a howling wind,
That rattled through the boughs.
A most tempestuous wind that pierced the shroud,
Hell-bent to ravish the cloister without.

A feared the vestals, they shut out the sounds,
With whispers of solace and psalms abound.
To their pillar of strength they hung, those branches crossed and strung,
Fingers clung to beads of faith, unwound.

The window slammed shut, the menace fenced out,
The candles were lit and light spurted out.

The belfry up high, struck up a chord. Twelve times it hit.

...And all was silent beneath.

Then the moon shone out and the wolf howled loud,
And evil crept on the prowl.
There was no respite on this obsidian night,
The moonlight; only erudite, to the gathering of the darkness nigh.

They huddled together in that chapel of yesteryear,
Hands joined in pittance and prayer.
The second coming they feared,
Penitence for sins, judgment for all lust and avarice.

Panicked and flustered, they sang a clustered,
All the while the packs closed in.
They prayed a little louder, their hearts beating faster,
Their voices strained against the wind.

The door creaked open, the moon shone in,
The candle flickered out and evil crept in.

No word ever came from that Bethel of old.

...All the world ever heard was a scream.

"Darkness... Darkness doesn't come for you and me. Darkness comes not for good or bad. Darkness comes to fill the void. Darkness comes for whatever is not... darkness."

-A.S. Rodrigues

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
ABOUT PURE POETRY

ABOUT PURE POETRY 2017



Picture Credits - Shubhankar Shah

Pure Poetry 2017 was a poetry recital held on September 2017; organized by the M.A. English Department, under the bard's tree situated at the Goa University Campus.

Participation was open to all students of the M.A. program. There were 32 slots for reciters from the M.A. Department. There was an open Mic session for reciters after the 32 timed slots were completed. Along with the 32 Participants reciters there were numerous reciters at the open Mic session.

Poems were recited in many languages including English, Hindi, Marathi, Konkani and Portuguese. The recitations were mostly original compositions though some participants chose to recite some of their favourite poems. Various subjects and themes were rampant during the event with no censorship

The concept was free speech in verse and the propagation of the art of poetry.

A complete recording of the event including all the poems recited at the event is available online at <https://archive.org/details/pure-poetry> .

